

Here is The First Chapter of General Funston's Story of His Thrilling War Career

(Editor's Note—The right for exclusive publication in South Bend of the thrilling war adventures of Gen. Frederick Funston, now in command of the American troops in Mexico, have been purchased by The News-Times and we herewith present the first chapter. Gen. Funston began his fighting career as a rebel in Cuba and made the record which gained him an American general's star in the war against Aguinaldo, in the Philippines. He has written the story of his thrilling fights under the title of "Memories of Two Wars" for Charles Scribner's Sons from whom The News-Times has bought publication rights. "Memories of Two Wars" is not in the least a history. It is the story of what Gen. Funston saw and modestly told accounts of his own amazing deeds in the thick of the battlefield.—Editor.)

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON.
Brigadier General, U. S. Army.

CHAPTER I.

How I Became a Cuban Rebel.

I happened to be in New York city in 1896, and one evening in the spring or early summer was strolling past Madison Square garden, and impelled by curiosity dropped in to see the Cuban fair then in progress. This fair, promoted by resident Cubans and American sympathizers with the cause of Cuban independence and was held ostensibly for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of hospital supplies for the insurgent forces in the field.

The principal attraction at the fair on the occasion of my visit was a fiery and eloquent speech by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, well known to be one of the most valued friends of the Cubans in the struggle.

Since the outbreak of the insurrection I had taken considerable interest in its progress, and had indulged myself in a vague sort of idea that I would like to take part in it. I fear as much from a love of adventure and a desire to see some fighting as from any more worthy motive. Through a mutual friend I obtained a letter of introduction to Gen. Sickles, and the next day called on the old veteran at his residence, and not only had a most pleasant chat with him, but left with a personal note to Mr. Palma in which the general stated that, though he did not know me personally, he felt justified in vouching for me on the strength of the letter I had brought him. At the headquarters of the Cuban Junta, 56 New St., I was admitted without delay to the office of the kindly-faced, honest old patriot who afterward became the first president of free Cuba. Mr. Palma asked me if I had had any military experience and was told that I had not, but had read considerably along military lines and felt that I had it in me to make good. Mr. Palma stated that in order as much as possible to avoid violating the neutrality laws the Cubans could not receive applicants in this country, but that I could be sent down on one of the first expeditions, and might, after my arrival, offer my services to whatever insurgent chief in the field I desired. He then turned me over to Mr. Zayas, one of the attaches.

This gentleman took my address and told me that as it was impossible to entrust the secrets regarding the sailing of filibustering expeditions to any one, I must not expect to be informed as to when I could leave, but

POIRET STILL CLINGS TO THE LONG LINE



Poiret still clings to his long lines and boxy effects, and looking at the suit illustrated one can not say they are not graceful, perhaps more so than the fussy frocks that so many are wearing at present.

Poiret is using this season much very light cream gaberdine trimmed with brown taffeta. The straight skirt of this costume has its side pockets, holes braided with white, and its brown taffeta belt crossed in the back and fastened low in front with a pearl buckle. The coat is the loose affair that Poiret always affects with blouse revers. The hat is brown with a cream satin rose at the side and the parasol is of white and brown.



"THE GUN WAS SET UP AND TAKEN APART A DOZEN TIMES AND THE BREECH MECHANISM, SIGHTS AND AMMUNITION EXPLAINED."

must possess my soul in patience until sent for. The meaning I was to call at the junta once a week. On one of these visits Mr. Zayas told me that the Cubans were having indifferent success with their artillery and suggested that I acquire some knowledge on that subject before sailing. The result of Mr. Zayas's suggestion was that I took a note from him to the firm of Hartley and Graham, the arms dealers from whom the Cubans purchased their implements of war, and had explained to me by one of their experts the mysteries of the Hotchkiss 12-pounder breech-loading rifle, and was allowed to fondle that ugly looking instrument of death to my heart's content and take it apart and put it together again. My keen interest in this new subject so pleased Mr. Zayas that he suggested that I impart some of my valuable lore to some of his countrymen in New York who were presumably waiting in feverish anxiety for the sailing of the next expedition. This I agreed to do, though I struck me as a somewhat indiscreet performance in a city where Cubans were closely watched by Spanish spies, and where there were innumerable enterprising reporters looking for "scoops."

A few evenings later I was conducted by one of the attaches of the junta to a small hall over a saloon, well up on Third av. All but a few of the lights were turned off and the window shades were well drawn. Here we found about 15 Cubans, calling youths in the main, the most of them, I judged, being students.

In addition to this promising material, there were in the room several large and imposing-looking crates labeled "machinery." These were opened and turned out to be the various parts of a Hotchkiss 12-pounder.

My recently acquired knowledge, what there was of it, now became of use, and the gun was set up and taken apart a dozen times, and the breech mechanism, sights, and ammunition explained. As this gun is transported in sections on mule back, as well as dragged by a shaft, the various heavy pieces were lifted up to the height of an imaginary or "theoretical" mule and then let down again, a form of calisthenics that soon palled on the embryo artillerymen, the night being hot and the room close.

So the summer wore along, but one afternoon in August one of the faithful telegram, and after all these years I can quote its every word: "Be at Cortlandt St. Ferry at 7 p. m., ready to leave the city." My trunk was hastily packed and left behind, and with a few belongings in a small valise, and, I must acknowledge, with some sinking of the heart, I made my way to the ferry accompanied by an old friend of college days. Here I met Mr. Zayas and by him was introduced to a Mr. Pagluchi, a nervy-looking Italian of good address and appearance, who, I afterward learned, was a marine engineer and presided over the engine rooms of the various steamers sent out by the junta for the purpose of carrying reinforcements and arms to Cuba.

Mr. Pagluchi was accompanied by four men, none of them Cubans, and not one of whom I had ever seen before. These were Charles Huntington, a fine-looking Canadian of soldierly bearing, who had served in the Northwest Mounted Police, Walinski, an Englishman of Polish descent; Welsford, a young man from New Jersey, and Arthur Potter, a former English marine soldier who had lived in the United States for several years. Huntington was one of the bravest men I ever knew, being, in fact, absolutely reckless.

He served with distinction in the Casoria and Gualmaro campaigns, and was finally killed in a fight with Spanish guerrillas his body falling into the hands of the enemy. Potter and Welsford were chums, careless, good-lucky young fellows; the former was terrible wounded at Desmayo, having both legs shattered and lying nearly a year on his back in a "bush" hospital. He remained in Cuba after the war, and now lives in Camaguey. Of the final fate of Welsford and Walinski I know nothing.

At Jersey City we took berths in a sleeper on the Pennsylvania, early the next morning passed through Washington, and in the fulness of time reached Charleston, S. C., where we were conducted to a hotel, and found among the guests about 30 Cubans, well-dressed, superior-looking men, standing about in little groups, conversing in low tones and worried about something.

Among other guests of the hotel were some 15 or 20 well groomed quiet-appearing men whom we were at once warned against having anything to do with, as they were operatives of a well-known detective agency in the employ of the Spanish minister at Washington, with the exception of a few who were said to be United States Secret Service men or United States deputy marshals.

bor closely watched by a revenue cutter. She had been searched for arms, but none were found on board.

On the afternoon of the day following our arrival the Cubans, carrying their hand baggage, began to leave the hotel in little groups, each followed by one or more "sleuths." About half-past three Pagluchi told his flock to come with him, and we made our way to the station of the Plant line.

We were conducted to the rear of the train, a day coach, where we found the Cubans who had preceded us from the hotel. Several of the detectives who attempted to secure seats in this car were told that it was a special chartered by a party of excursionists, and that we would be obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of their company. So they found

seats in the car ahead. We pounded along over the rails at a fair rate of speed until some time late at night, when we stopped at an obscure station in the woods; a locomotive backed up to our car from a siding, the car was quickly and quietly uncoupled from the train, which then proceeded on its way, while our car with its engine flew back on the truck a few miles, was switched onto another line, and sped along for hours without making more than the few absolutely necessary stops. The whole plan for escaping the men following us and throwing them entirely off the scent had been thought out by Mr. Pritot, the Charleston agent of the Plant line, and worked to perfection. (Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

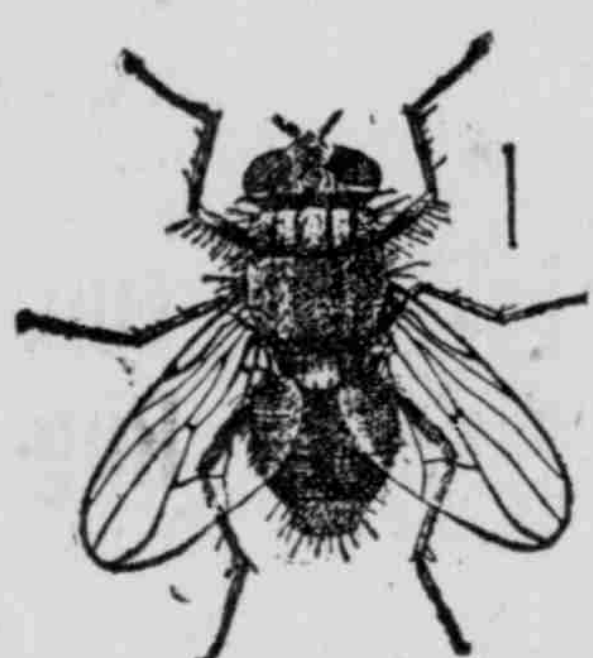
TO BE CONTINUED.

Human Life and Health

HOUSE FLIES

BY L. O. HOWARD, Ph. D.
Entomologist and Chief Bureau of Entomology, U. S. Dept. of Agricul.
NOTE:—The insect we now call the "house fly" should in the future be termed the "typhoid fly" in order to call direct attention to the danger of allowing it to continue to breed unchecked.—L. O. Howard.
(COMPLETE IN SEVEN ARTICLES.)

LIFE HISTORY OF THE TRUE HOUSE FLY.



Common House Fly.
(Musca domestica.)

Musca domestica commonly lays its eggs upon horse manure. This substance seems to be its favorite larval food.

It will oviposit on cow manure, but we have not been able to rear it in this substance. It will also breed in human excrement, and from this habit it becomes very dangerous to the health of human beings, carrying as it does the germs of intestinal diseases, such as typhoid fever and cholera, from excreta to food supplies.

It will also lay its eggs upon other decaying vegetable and animal material, but of the flies that infest dwelling houses, both in cities and on farms, a vast proportion comes from horse manure.

It often happens, however, that this fly is very abundant in localities where there is no horse manure, and in such cases it will be found breeding in

other manure or in slops or fermenting vegetable material, such as spent hops, bran or ensilage.

At Salem, Mass., Packard states that he reared a generation in fourteen days in horse manure. The duration of the egg state was twenty-four hours, the larval state from five to seven days, and the pupal state from five to seven days.

At Washington the writer has found in mid-summer that each female lays at one time 120 eggs which hatch in eight hours, the larval period lasting for five days and the pupal five days, making a total time for development of a generation 10 days.

This was at the end of June. The periods of development vary with the climate and with the season, and the insect hibernates in the puparium condition in manure or at the surface of the ground under a manure heap.

The Washington observation indicates that the larvae molts twice, and that there are thus three distinct larval stages.

The periods of development of the common house fly were found to be about as follows:

Egg from deposition to hatching, one-third of a day; hatching or larva first molt, one day; first to second molt, one day; second molt to pupation, three days; pupation to issuing adult, five days; total life round ten days approximately.

There is an abundance of time for the development of 12 or 13 generations in the climate of Washington every summer.

NEW YORK.—Because his name subjected him to much annoyance, Henry J. Plump, a thin young man, was permitted to change it to Henry J. Mielke.

George H. Wheelock and Company

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We had specially made in conjunction with our other stores a quantity of these porch or tea tables. They have two Chinese basket trays, 23 inches and 17 inches wide, that can be lifted out and the frame folded up. Sold in some shops for \$7.50; our price, while they last, \$2.95.

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Plain and Fancy Silks—Fancy brocades, floral effects—Dresdens and stripes—worth to \$1.50. This Sale, yard.....	55c	Silk and Wool Poplins—In all the new colorings of the season—regular \$1.50 quality. This Removal Sale, yd.....	89c	Fancy and Plain Silks—A big assortment—all colors and colorings—splendid qualities—values to \$1.00 yd. This sale, yd.....	39c
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The greatest display of fine Embroideries in our history—table after table piled high—will mention just two numbers which will show you the values—

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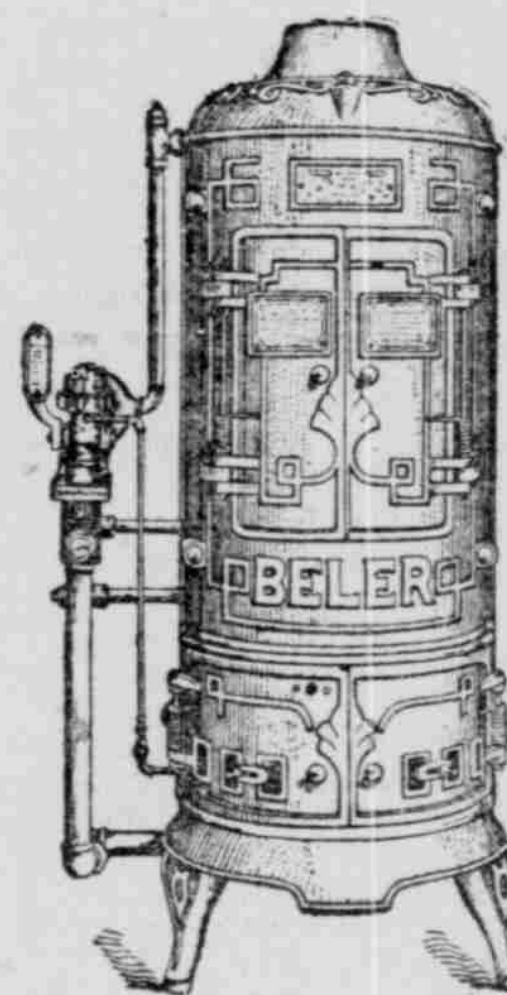
and invite the public to call and see the simple operation of this wonderful machine which supplies hot water instantly at the turn of a faucet in any part of the house.

There is no waiting, no lighting of matches. You simply turn the faucet and the hot water is there. Close it and the gas goes out, and the expense for fuel ceases.

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